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# NO. 11. TIME SCHEDULE. Taking Effect At 5:00 o'clek A. M., Sunday, Feb. 23, 1890.

STATIONS, EXPRESS. 8.00am Ly... Union Depot, Louisy'e. Ar. 1.20ru'' 8.15 ......... Kentucky Street........ 1.05 ... Alms House......... Pleasure Ridge Park .....

Valley	
Meadow Lawn	
River View	
9.00	
9.32Rock Haven	
9.41 Long Branch	
9.52Brandenburg11.40	
10.02 Ekron	
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10.32	
10.47 Lodiburg 10.47	
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11.56AW Skillman 9.39	
12.08pmtfawesville 9.23	
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12.31 Lewisport 8.56	×

Owensboro.

Thomas Tyler's Tombstone.

By MARY 8. WALKER.



yard one Monday night, taking the clothes from the line, when her father's hired men, Thomas Ty ler and Samuel Dale, came up the lane from the potato field. They both looked at the girl, but if either of them

thought she made a pretty picture. flitting in and out among the snowy linen, the slanting sunbeams falling on her shapely form and comely face and shining black hair, he did not say so to his fellow; for, though Farmer Barclay's hired men had plowed and planted and hoed side by side through the spring and summer days, and at night slept to-gether in the big chamber over the kitchen, they were not on confidential terms. Samuel Dale, who had been on the farm half a dozen years, was jealous of the growing influence of a comparative stranger, who, it seemed likely, would supplant him in more ways than

Early the previous spring, a well dressed, good looking man, about 30 years of age, knocked at Farmer Barclay's door and offered to hire out for the summer. The farmer took him upon trial-hands were scarce that year-and when his month was out, engaged him for the season. He was smart to work -as a man needed to be who could hoe his row with Samuel Dale-clever at contrivance and handy with tools. He kept the farmer's mouth stretched with his jokes, though he seldom showed his own white teeth in a laugh.

"A sharp witted, wide awake fellow," said Farmer Barclay, "who pays for his bread and bacon by his good company."

The new hand was no less a favorite indoors. Susie Barclay, the farmer's only child, housekeeper and mistressher mother was dead-looked with increasing favor upon the gallant stranger, who, when he was by, would not allow her to bring a pail of water from the well or a handful of kindling wood from the shed, but performed these offices for her with a respectful deference of manner, accompanying them with well worded compliments and admiring glances that were very flattering to the simple country girl. Meanwhile, Samuel Dale lounged on the porch or sat dangling his long legs from the kitchen

On the Monday evening when our story commences the two men washed at the pump, and Thomas Tyler, after clothes and running a pocket comb through his crisp black curls, hastened to join Susie Barclay in the clothes yard, while Samuel Dale went out to the farmer on the porch. Dale was tall and somewhat ungainly

in person, with a ruddy, open face and a pleasant brown eye. He was simple and straightforward in manner, had a sunny temper, and was honest through and

through.

The old farmer was half asleep in his chair, and the setting sun shone full upon his jolly red face and gray hair. "Father Barclay," said Samuel Dale, "I want to know how much longer you

are going to let this go on?" "Eh! What, Sammy?" said the old man, waking with a start, "You reckon we'd better put it down to oats, don't ye? The way we've been goin' on with that medder lot would spile the best piece of

land in the state of Ohio." "See here, Father Barclay," said the young man. "I have that on my mind lately that leaves me no heart for farm work. Look yonder, will you? That girl has been as good as promised to me these three years, and we'd been man and wife before this, only you said she was too young, and coaxed me to wait a spell. Now look at her, will

You?"

The porch commanded a view of the green yard sloping down to the meadow bank behind the farm house. Susie's task was completed, and the great round basket at her side was heaped high with the snow white linen. Her companion was taking down the line, when suddenly, by a dexterous movement, he threw a coil over the girl's head. She struggled to free herself, but it was plain to see, by her laughing, blushing face and the yielding motion of her supple frame toward her captor, that she was no unwilling prisoner in his grasp. Thomas Tyler, holding the ends of the rope in his right hand, looked toward the porch and showed his white teeth in a smile. The sight was not agreeable to Samuel

"Do you see that?" he said, angrily. 'It's been going on for weeks, and he winding himself round the girl as he's tightening that rope round her now. Do you want to see her tied hand and foot, Father Barclay, and never lift a finger to stop it?"

ye, boy? You look as black as a thunder cloud. Gittin' jealous, hey? Why the girl's foolin' a little, that's all. Girls will be girls, you know, and Tom Tyler's a good lookin' chap, with a smooth tongue in his head for women folks. And, now I think of it, he's always round the girl. You must stick up to her, Sammy. I can't do your courtin' for ye. Show a little pluck, my boy. If Tom Tyler talks soft, do you talk softer. Women folks like coaxin' and flatterin'; and mebbe

you haven't giv' Sue enough of it." "I am no match for Tom Tyler at that game," said the young man, moodily. "Your daughter has known my mind these three years, and don't need any soft words to tell her of it. And, Father Barclay, the foolings that's been going on for the last fortnight is a kind I can't put up with. I thought you might have something to say about her throwing nerseit away on a renow wrose very name was strange to her three months ago; but I see you have no notion to meddle. She is likely to follow her own bent, I suppose, for all your opinion or mine. But there's one thing; she's

played fast and loose with me long enough. I'll have it out with her this night. She shall take her choice between

He stopped abruptly, and turned upon his heel, for Thomas Tyler and the farmer's daughter were coming up the walk

That evening, when the supper table was cleared away, and Mr. Tyler had gone down the road to the village, Samuel Dale, after some difficulty-for the girl of late had been shy of his company -procured an interview with Susie Bar-

you, Susie," he said, "for a week, but you would never give me the chance. You know how matters have stood between us these three years. We have kept company together ever since I came to Barclay Farm, and though I've never asked you to name the day, I think you've known my mind well enough. I am not a man of many words, and I haven't the wit to flatter you with soft speeches, but I love you, Susie Barclay. Will you take me for a husband this day month?"

"La, Mr. Dale!" said the girl, with a toss of her pretty head, "how you startle me! Take you for a husband, indeed! I am too young to marry this long while yet. I am sure I don't know my own mind three days together. And I am afraid I shouldn't make you a good wife, and it's better for both of us to wait a while, and"-

He interrupted her: "Susie, I have courted you three years. If I wait longer, it will be to see another man carry you off in a month. You've known me long enough to learn your own mind about me. You must take me now, or you must let me go." "I am sure you are free to go if you

like," she said, flushing; "there's nobody to hinder you. You have no right to speak to me like that. I am not your servant, Samuel Dale. I never promised to marry you, and perhaps I never

"You tell me that," said the young man, bitterly, "after keeping me in hand all these years! Susan Barclay, are you going to play me false, that you may marry a man you never heard of three months ago?"

"Who told you I was going to marry

"Do I need to be told? Haven't I watched you since the day that man set his foot in your father's house? And because I trusted you, and thought you'd known me too long to be taken with a newcomer, you carried on your courting before my eyes. You false, hard hearted girl! But no, you never were that. It's only that this smooth faced coxcomb has bewitched you. Oh, Susie! can't you tell him there's an honest heart that's loved you true these three years, and so with a frank word send him packing?"

"If it's Mr. Tyler you are talking about," said Susie Barclay, "you may set your mind at rest, for there's nothing but friendship between us. He's never so much as asked me to marry him; but he's a pleasant, civil spoken gentleman, that doesn't call people names behind their backs; and I'll not stay here to be scolded, Samuel Dale; and I'll die an old maid before I'll marry the cross husband you will make."

"Is that your last word to me?" he said, sorrowfully. "Then I have my answer, and Barclay Farm is no place for me, though I thought to spend my days here. It's manners for the old love to go when the new love comes. Well, good night, Susie. I wish you well, though you've given me a sore heart to carry; but curses on the man that's come

between me and my girl!" She stole a sidelong glance, and when she saw how his ruddy cheek had turned pale, and his mouth was set in a gloomy. resolute expression, her heart softened toward him. But she did not put her pity into words. She listened to his slow. heavy steps as he mounted the stairs to his chamber, till the gate opened with a sharp click, and she heard Thomas Tyler's brisk tread as he came up the walk. Then she ran to the kitchen glass to arrange the knot of pink ribbons under her chin, and thought no more of Samuel Dale that night.

The poor fellow could not sleep for his aching heart; and when, an hour later, his room mate came in, whistling softly to himself, with his black eyes shining, Samuel Dale lay and watched him from between his half closed lids.

The man took writing materials from his trunk, and was soon busily at work, bending closely to his task. He appeared to be making a copy of a letter spread out before him; and when it was completed, and he held up the two documents side by side, it seemed to Samuel Dale at the distance where he lay that the work was well done, for the copy might have been mistaken for the original. Mr. Tyler scanned the result of his labor critically, nodded his head once or twice in approbation; then, locking the papers in his trunk, betook himself to bed.

The farmer was twice surprised the next day. Samuel Dale announced his intention of leaving the farm when his year was out, and his daughter, with smiles and blushes, informed him that she had passed her word, provided he was willing, to take Thomas Tyler for a

husband. "Why, Surie," said the old man, strike me all of a heap! Sammy Dale has been waitin' for you these three years, and you are as good as promised to him, you know. I've reckoned all along on him an' you hitchin' horses, an' carryin' on the farm after I was under

"Father, I never promised to marry Samuel Dale. Living together in the same house, I couldn't well help his keeping company with me; and perhaps I might have thought sometimes I should like him well enough to take him for a husband; but that was before I knew Mr. Tyler. I'll marry the man of my choice, father, or I'll live and die an old

Then came coaxing and tears, and the easy old man, who had never crossed his daughter's wishes since her mother died, yielded. "Well, well, Susie, you must have your own way, I suppose," he said; "and Tom Tyler's a smart fellow, and right

He administered comfort to Samuei Dale in his own peculiar fashion:

"What's the use of taking it so hard. Sammy? There's likely girls besides Suc-Barclay, who will have you for the askin'. I wish you'd make up your mind to settle down snug and comfortable, and let things go along in the old track."

Samuel Dale shook his head. "I had best be gone," no said-"best for her and best for me. I'd be right glad to go to-morrow, but you have always done the fair thing by me, and I can't leave you right in the busy season. I'll stay till after harvestin', and then I'll be off. You don't know me, Father Barelay. At thought of the trick that man has played, my blood runs fire and my hands itch to get hold of him. I might be left to do him a mischief

"Sho! sho! Sammy! you don't mean

"I can't work days, nor sleep nights, for the trouble that's on my mind. It an't altogether for my own loss. If 'twas a good man she'd jilted me for, I'd muster pluck to bear it. Father Barclay, I must speak out, though you'll gay it's bad blood makes me talk ill of the man that's gained where I've lost, I have mistrusted him from the first. He's as bold as brass, and his tongue runs like a mill wheel, but it's little he finds to say of his own affairs. And when you come down to it, who is he? and where did he come from? and what has he been about all his life?" "Susie knows," said the old man.

eagerly. "He told her all about ithow he was born and brought up in Connecticut, and his father died when he was a little shaver, and he'd kep' his mother an' all the children by his earnin's, till the old lady died and the children got homes with their relations; and then he came west to seek his fortune; and Susie says such a good son will be sure to make a good husband."

"Humph!" said Samuel Dale,

"Susie," called the farmer the next Sanday afternoon, "have you been meddlin' with this book?"

He stood turning the leaves of the family Bible, that always stood on a round stand in the corner of the kitchen. "No, father."

"Well, somebody has. Here's a milk bill in the wrong place; and there's a letter I wrote last Sunday to Squire Cooper, and hadn't decided to send, and so slipped it in here somewhere, and it's

Susie assisted her father to search for the missing letter, but it could not be found. Thomas Tyler was busy again that night with his writing after every one else in the house was in bed, and the next day he took the farmer's old white horse and drove over to Lester's Corners. Susie followed him to the porch, and as he drew her under the shadow of the grapevine to snatch a parting kiss she saw the corner of a letter peeping from his pocket and took it slyly out. Before she read the address he discovered his loss and caught her hand so roughly that she cried out with pain

"Give me that letter," he said, sternly and there was a look in his black eves



"Give me that letter." moment later he apologized for his rudeness, kissed the little hurt hand and made his peace as well as he could.

Before harvesting was over the wed-ding day was fixed. A hired girl took Susie's place in the kitchen, and she sat all day at her chamber window overlooking the beautiful golden fields where her lover was at work, making her wedding dress. And when the corn crib was full, and the wheat was in the barn, and the potatoes in the cellar, she came to Samuel Dale and asked him, in her pretty, coaxing way, not to leave Bar-clay Farm till after the wedding. The poor fellow, whose heart grew

sorer and sorer at the thought of his loss, looked in her bright face with passionate, regretful tenderness. "I'll stay if you bid me, Susie," he said.

And now commenced grand preparations, and the beating of eggs, the pounding of spices, and stirring and shaking and sifting were sounds all day heard in the great kitchen of the farm house, for the bride-elect and Betsey, the hired girl, made the wedding cake. Only the bride's loaf was ordered from Cleveland, for Susie Barclay declared she could not be married without a certain wonderful structure, to be made with frosting an inch thick, and surmounted with two sugar doves, their bills meeting in a conjugal kiss. Great was her distress, therefore, when, the evening before the wedding, the stage

failed to bring the expected box. "Don't fret, Susie," said Samuel Dale, who could not bear to see a shadow on the dear face. "I'll ride over to Lester's early in the morning, and if it's there you shall have it by 10 o'clock,"

Accordingly, he was up betimes, and as the wagon rattled out of the yard the bride put her head from the window. "Ride fast, Samuel," she said, "and be sure and be back by 10 o'clock, or

you'll miss the ceremony." "Confound the ceremony!" said Samnel Dale, for there was a limit to the long suffering patience of even this exemplary young man; and then aloud: "All right. Susie: I'll be back in good

At Lester's Corners he found what he sought, and, pleased to think that now Susie would have her wedding loaf, was leaving the depot when the station master called after him. "There's a woman here waiting to

take the stage to Barclay's," he said; "will you give her a ride?" Samuel Dale turned back with reluct-

"I don't know how to step a minute." he said; "I agreed to be back by 10

The man called to some one within, and a small woman, with a pinched, careworn face, and thin, light hair, anpeared in the doorway. She was dressed in shabby black, and her clothing was creased and tumbled and soiled by a long journey.

"Here's a gentleman will take you to Barclay's, marm," said the man, "Hurry up-he can't wait."

She looked timidly in Samuel Dale's face, but still stood in the doorway. "There's the box, sir," she said; "would

the gentleman kindly toke the box?" "Oh, that's all right," said the official. "I'll send it up by the stage. Come, jump aboard."

"If you please, sir, I couldn't leave it behind. I have brought that box a long way: I--I'll wait for the stage." "Wait, then!" he said, gruffly; but

Samuel Dale marked the woman's weary, disappointed face. "Fetch along her traps," said he, "and don't be all day about it, either;" but half repented his kindness, for the box, unwieldy in its proportions and of no light weight, occupied a goodly space in the wagon, and the woman betrayed so

"Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?" she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted down the hill.

much anxious solicitude about its dis-

posal as to somewhat impede their jour-

"I should say it was, marm, unless there's chiney or glas) or some such brittle thing inside of it.' "Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious than

that, It's a stone, sir-a tombstone, I have brought it all the way from Simsbury to put over my husband's grave." "Do tell!" said Samuel Dale,

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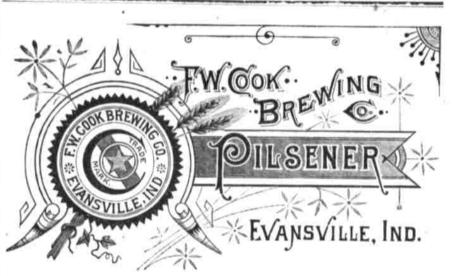
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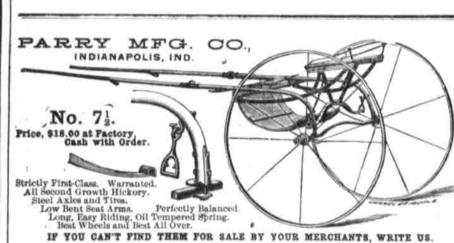
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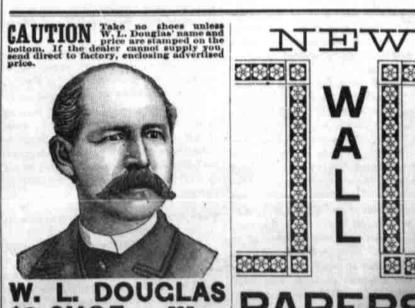


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